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A SHORT

TREATISE

Upon the Propriety and Neceſſity of

DUELLING.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

The ancient Manner of Combating and Entering the Liſts, as in the Reign of Richard the IId, by the Dukes of *Norfolk* and *Lancaſter*.

ALSO, THE PARTICULARS OF

A Duel fought at the Cape of Good Hope,

Between Two Officers in the Eaſt-India Company's Service.

And, Authentic Particulars relative to

A DUEL fought near the City of —,

IN WHICH IS RELATED,

Certain Circumſtances of that *black Affair* and *dreadful Tranſaction*, never before made public; very ſufficient to clear up, and ſet aright, the *Opinions*, *Doubts*, and *Suggeſtions* of the whole World.

Dedicated without Permiſſion to the

Greateſt Scoundrel by many in ——.

By ONE, who *was* intereſted in the SECRET; but now in the Publication.

BATH: Printed in the MDCCLXXIX.

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Humbly DEDICATED *(without Permiſſion)*

TO THE

Greateſt Scoundrel *by many* in ——.

UNWORTHY SIR,

I SHALL make no apology for taking the liberty of dedicating this very trifling and paltry performance to you; though probably *you* may *think*, and have ſome right to expect, that your approbation was altogether neceſſary before I preſumed to make ſo free with ſo unworthy a wretch as yourſelf; yet I thought you ſo proper a perſon, and ſo well adapted for my purpoſe, that I by far prefer-

red

red you to any villain of them all, not excepting ——— himſelf. I had, indeed, ſome idea of ſoliciting this ſmall favour of you in perſon, but when I reflected ſeriouſly upon your inſurmountable modeſty, I was fearful leſt it might take the alarm, and thereby fruſtrate my views, by refuſing this diſtinguiſhed honour, in being held up to the world, as a great and eminent perſonage.

YOUR ambition for villainy renders you ſo very conſpicuous and notorious to every perſon, who has ever heard the name of ———, that there can be little doubt but the work will be read for your ſake. Yes, my *excellent* patron, thy intereſt will prevail when inſignificant merit and virtue ſhall rot.

THOUGH,

THOUGH they will not read my book for any love or regard they have *at heart* for either you or me, yet ſo predominant and inherent is that ſame curioſity, in almoſt every conſtitution, that they will diligently ſearch it in hopes of finding *ſcandal* and *novelty*; and big with the expectation of finding *you*, the diabolical hero of my work; for though you are moſt certainly an infamous ſcoundrel, yet I am by no means obliged to gratify the malignant world with a repetition of your enormous villanies, which are by far too numerous to relate within a moderate compaſs.

BUT if *I did* ſo employ myſelf and time, it would be of infinite ſervice to you, were I to diſplay every knaviſh action of your vile life, for you would, if poſſible, be even bet-

ter

ter received than you now are; for notwithſtanding the deteſtation many muſt ſecretly have for you, yet they externally countenance, and even patronize thoſe infernal practiſes that you and your diabolical aſſociates in iniquity daily repeat. And yet, my noble Patron, ſuch conduct towards you from men who pretend to virtue ſeems rather inconſiſtent, for thoſe very people, who hourly abuſe and condemn thoſe horrible vices which you ſo ſplendidly profeſs, and which would even do honour to your near relation Lord Lucifer; I ſay, theſe good people will ſacrifice, and even commit violence, upon their own better feelings and ſenſations, to countenance what their nature abhors, and what they would willingly confeſs to be abominable, were they not afraid of being ridi-

culed for an affectation and ſingularity; and by this ſenſeleſs fear, and their bad examples, they tacitly encourage, *by not rebrobating*, your enormities. *They* are to blame as well as *you*. But I adviſe you, my *excellent* patron, not to depend any farther upon ſuch *cowardly friends*, for when diſtreſs ſhall hover over you, they will to a man deſert you, execrate your memory, and leave you to your merited fate, even unattended, to make your quiet exit at the gallows.

Sincerely wiſhing your reformation,

I am, with great gratitude,

And every good wiſh,

Your humble Servant,

March 1, 1779. The Author.

ON

DUELLING.

Audi, vidi, tace, ſi tu vis vivere in pace.

THERE can be little doubt but there are many unhappy advocates for the barbarous cuſtom of DUELLING, who will violently alledge, and poſſibly with ſome degree of plauſibility aſſert, that as Duelling is an ancient practice, and was held as honourable and laudable in our own country, *(though at a very dark and barbarous period)* it is ſtill very praiſe-worthy, and the practice ſhould be ſupported, as it was permitted by many of our Monarchs—to prove the guilt of the accuſer or accuſed. But the extreme abſurdity and fallacy

of ſuch ſtrange reaſoning, and ſuch violent proceedings, is ſo very evident to juſt reaſon and common ſenſe, in this enlightened age, that we muſt ſuppoſe our readers to be void of both endowments, were we to point out the extreme injuſtice that this barbarous cuſtom muſt have been attended with; as it confounded the innocent with the guilty; and the conqueror was either indebted to chance, or more bodily ſtrength than his unfortunate antagoniſt.

But even here are many excuſes, which in this age we cannot advance in defence of the practice among us. For we find their combats conducted with the greateſt ſolemnity, decorum, and dignity; and had eſpecial leave from the King before it was ever permitted. And if ſuch murder was committed without the King's conſent, they found no mercy; as we find an act made for that purpoſe, in the 14th year of Richard the Second, that none ſhould preſume to ſue for their pardon. And if this horrid crime was attended with cruelty, or any other aggravation, the perpetrator

was

was hanged in chains alive, near to the place where the fact was committed; but in cafes where any mercy could be ſhewed, they were firſt ſtrangled, and then hung up with a chain of iron to the gallows, where they were left hanging till they were quite confumed; and thus were all malefactors ſerved, who were hanged, till the time of Edward the Second. It is much to be lamented that this wholeſome law, ſo well calculated for the benefit of mankind, did not reach the reign of George the Third.

It ſhould be obſerved, that it was only on very particular occaſions, that the King granted his leave to combat; and never, unleſs there was no witneſs to prove the charge, and then the crime muſt be great enough to affect the life of the accuſed; and in that caſe the conquered party was conſtantly held guilty (if the accuſed, of the crime he was accuſed of; and if the accuſer, of perjury and falſe witneſs) and was ſtraightways, without further examination, drawn to the gallows and hanged. As was the caſe, between the

two Eſquires in the reign of Richard the Second: The one of Navarre accuſed an Engliſh Eſquire, called John Welſh, of treaſon; for trial thereof a day was appointed for a combat, which was to be performed in the King's Palace at Weſtminſter. Accordingly, being met, there was a valiant fight betwixt them; but at laſt, the Engliſhman was the conqueror, and the vanquiſhed Frenchman was diſpoiled of his armour, and drawn to Tyburn, and there hanged for his untruth.

THIS account, with the following order of the combat, and the challenge between the Duke of Hereford, and the Duke of Norfolk, I have extracted from the ingenious Mr. Strutt's performance, of the ancient manners and cuſtoms of the inhabitants of England, as it may ſerve to illuſtrate my ſubject, and may be entertaining to *ſome* readers.

THE order of the combat, with the proceſs, was as follows: The accuſed, ſtrongly denying the fact alledged againſt him, threw down his gaunt-

let,

let, or any other gauge, calling the accuſer a lyar, and thereby challenging him to combat. Then, the other took up the gauge of the accuſed, and threw down his own, declaring his willingneſs to prove by battle the truth of his aſſertions; the gauges were then ſealed, and delivered to the Marſhal, and leave to combat demanded of the King, which if he granted, a day and place was appointed; by which time, a ſcaffold was erected for the King and his attendants, and the liſts were railed round.

In the reign of Richard the Second, Henry Duke of Hereford, and Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, accuſed each other of treaſon, and challenged each other to combat; and having obtained licence of the King, all things neceſſary were immediately prepared; and on the day appointed, the Duke of Aumerle, High-Conſtable of England, and the Duke of Surry, Marſhall, firſt entered the liſts with a great company of men, every one of which bore a tipſtaff to keep the field in order. Then came the Duke of

Hereford,

Hereford, the appellant, compleatly armed in rich attire, and mounted on a ſtately white courſer; the Conſtable and Marſhal came to the barrier of the liſts, and demanded, who he was? He anſwered, I am Henry of Lancaſter, Duke of Hereford, who am come hither to do my devoir againſt Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, as a traitor, untrue to God, the King, his realm, and me. Then incontinently he ſwore, upon the Holy Evangeliſts, that his quarrel was juſt and true; and thereupon he required to enter the liſts: He alſo further ſwore, that he dealt not with witchcraft, nor art-magick, whereby he might obtain the victory of his adverſary; nor had about him any herb, or ſtone, or other kind of experiment, with which magicians uſe to triumph over their enemies.

This ceremony being performed, he put up his ſword, which before he held naked in his hand, and putting down his viſor, making a croſs upon his horſe, and with his ſpear in his hand, he entered the liſts; and deſcending from his horſe ſat down in a chair of green velvet at the end

of

of the lists, and there reposed himself, waiting the coming of his adversary. Soon after, the King entered the field in great triumph, attended by all the peers of the realm, and above ten thousand men in armour, lest any quarrel should arise among the nobles of either party.

A King at Arms then made open proclamation, prohibiting all men, in the name of the King, of the High Constable, and of the Marshal, to approach or touch any part of the lists, on pain of death, except such as were appointed to order and marshal the field. This proclamation ended, another Herald cried, behold here Henry of Lancaster Duke of Hereford, appellant, who is entered into the lists royal, to do his devoir against Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, defendant, upon pain to be found false and recreant.

Then came the Duke of Norfolk, defendant, to the barrier, completely armed, and likewise richly attired, mounted on a good horse. He also answering who he was, and taking oath, as the

Duke

Duke of Hereford had done before him, entered the liſts; then alighting from his horſe, he ſat himſelf down in his chair, which was crimſon velvet, trimmed with white and red damaſk.

The Lord Marſhal viewed their ſpurs to ſee that they were of equal length, and delivered the one ſpear himſelf to the Duke of Hereford, and ſent the other to the Duke of Norfolk by a Knight. Then the herald proclaimed, that the traverſes and chairs of the champions ſhould be removed; and commanded them in the name of the King to mount their horſes, and addreſs themſelves to the combat.

The Duke of Hereford was ſoon mounted, and cloſed his viſor, and caſt his ſpear into the reſt; and when the trumpets were ſounded, he ſet forward courageouſly to meet his enemy; but before the Duke of Norfolk had well ſet forward, the King caſt down his warder, and the heralds cried Ho! Ho! and ſo the combat was prevented by the King's taking the matter into his own conſi-

deration,

deration, to give judgment as he ſhould think meet.

But in other caſes, as the combat fought at Weſtminſter, between Sir John Anneſly, Knight, and one Thomas Katrington, Eſquire, who was accuſed by the Knight. After ſome ceremonies had paſſed, the champions made their prayers devoutly, and began the battle; firſt with ſpears, after with ſwords, and laſtly with daggers, till at length the Knight had bereft the Eſquire of all his weapons, and then cloſing together the 'Squire was manfully overthrown. While they were grappling upon the ground, the King commanded them to be parted; but the Knight begged of the King to let them be replaced, as they were at the time of parting them, that is, himſelf on the ground undermoſt, and the Eſquire upon him, which was granted. But the Eſquire through heat, and the weight of his armour, fainted; and notwithſtanding all the efforts uſed to bring him to himſelf, he was obliged to be ſtripped of his armour, which thing proved him

vanquiſhed. So the Knight was acquitted with honour, and the Eſquire by death prevented his further ſhame and diſgrace.

THESE inſtances ſerve to ſhew the total difference between their combats and our modern Duels, which is a diſgrace to any civilized nation, to be ſo publickly countenanced and protected by the government; for we have courts of judicature, which take cognizance of almoſt every word and action. Therefore, men can ſeldom be injured in their characters, without having legal redreſs; and a wanton malicious attack upon any character muſt, by the liberal-minded, be treated with every mark of diſguſt and contempt. Yet I am ſorry to remark, that human nature is of ſo ſtrange a compound, that we are all too apt to give every attentive ear and encouragement to the abuſe and diſpraiſe of any perſon, which only ſerve to render ourſelves miſerable, for by turns we are alſo abuſed, and ranked with the unworthy and cowards, whether we deſerve it or not.

SUCH

Such conduct obliges many men, who have much commerce with the world, to be tyrannical perſecutors to the inoffenſive, merely to ſhew they have ſpirit, and to ſupport the ideal ſhadow of dignity; as they ſee others aſſume an external conſequence, they vainly and fooliſhly imagine it is the only way of commanding reſpect. Did they not ſee ſuch villainous examples ſo conſtantly before them, they might poſſibly be humane, generous, and charitable; and would perhaps rather ſuffer pain themſelves, than give pain to others by word or action. I ſay they might poſſibly have theſe virtues in their nature, and yet ſo pervert and miſuſe thoſe godlike gifts, by the prevalence of example, as to change them for vices, and become Monſters.

Now to prevent, or at leaſt to puniſh, ſcandal and abuſe, I would have what has often been thought of and mentioned, which is, a Court of Honour in every large town in Great-Britain; it might be better eſtabliſhed than I can propoſe, but it muſt firſt be inſtituted by an act of Parlia-

ment, ſomething in nature like the court of conſcience, whoſe officers are appointed by a corporate body, and to ſet once a week to receive the appeals of the injured party, and to redreſs their complaints, either by fining the aggreſſors, or expoſing them in the public prints, as incorrigible ſlanderers and bullies. I think it would in a great meaſure prevent infinite miſchief among all ranks of people, and be the means of preventing much bloodſhed; it certainly would make people very cautious in what they advanced, which would tend and promote much to the happineſs of mankind. Very much may be ſaid upon this ſubject, but I ſhall at preſent content myſelf with only having made the propoſal.

Let me obſerve, as one proof how fond we are of abuſe, and to learn the misfortunes of others; there is no publication ſo eagerly bought up as a ſatyrical performance, full of malevolence and invectives, ſlaſhing and ſtabbing the characters of thoſe we know no harm of; but we incontinently, ready

ready enough embrace the author's prejudice, whether we know they deſerve it or not.

And now, inquiſitive reader! why art *thou* ſo buſy and curious in running after every melancholy event, and ſeeking every publication that teems with the relation of blood and ſlaughter? Man is ſaid to be naturally humane; but much may be argued upon that ſubject; as we well know, our fellow-creatures inhabiting many parts of this globe are in a ſtate of nature, and are certainly as ſavage as the brute creation; but it is generally thought where arts and ſciences flouriſh, there we are to expect humanity and rationality; but even in this civilized country, the apparent conduct of moſt men ſeems the reverſe, and in ſome degree to check this general received opinion.

For the uncultivated world, whom we are pleaſed to call our *ſlaves* and *ſavages*, delight in human blood and carnage; and to gratify revenge will go to any length of trouble and inconvenienee to obtain that diabolical end. *So do we*, who call

ourſelves

ourſelves Chriſtians, and who boaſt of poliſhed manners and refined ideas; we may have it in language, but not in diſpoſition.

The ſavage has, by far, the moſt powerful arguments in his favour, by this compariſon with the poliſhed man and chriſtian. The one, having no ſocial commerce with the reſt of the world, cannot have thoſe advantages which might be expected from ſuch an intercourſe; conſequently knows no example. He follows the dictates of his unlettered imagination, and, if I may be permitted to ſay, he innocently and unknowingly falls into cruelty and barbarity; perhaps for his own ſafety, (and very frequently by juſtifiable retaliation) he commits murders.

The manner of perpetrating ſuch deeds may not ſuit our refinement. We by long experience have at length found out a more expeditious method of murdering; but is the intent leſs effected or cruel than the Savage's method? No. Their inſtruments allow them no other way of killing their

their enemies, (for they make a point of not killing their friends.) They may put them to pain, in revenge for the injuries they may have ſuſtained. But do we endeavour to prevent that pain in our murders? No; it is all left to chance and accident, whether the wretch receives inſtant death, or drags out a miſerable lingering exiſtence. It almoſt proves, that all the human race are nearly alike in nature, by one common expreſſion amongſt ourſelves, we ſay, *revenge is ſweet*, and we ſeek it; though very contrary to the divine precepts and imitations of our bleſſed Saviour, and totally inconſiſtent to our boaſted ſuperior ſtate. And with a greater and more unpardonable aggravation we ſin enlightened, and againſt the law of nature; like fools we ſin; for where our paſſions are ſtirred up, and uncontroulable revenge determined on, we, with little ſenſe and caution, blindly, and with fury, ruſh unprepared, either againſt body or ſoul, to our inevitable deſtruction; in ſhort, like lunatics we kill ourſelves, and endeavour to murder others.

THE Savage knows no ſuch folly; as there is no eſtabliſhed law againſt injuries received, he ſeeks for redreſs, and ſecretly lays wait for his opportunity to gratify it; as he did not deſerve the provocation of his enemy, ſo he will not expoſe his life in the attempt to revenge. He may not be afraid to die, but his wiſe reflections are for his friends and family; and the great injuſtice, that two ſhould die for an offence committed by one.

I ſhould be ſorry to have it ſuppoſed, by this ſtile of expreſſing myſelf, that I am an advocate for revenge by ſecret murder; God forbid! no ſuch idea is in my heart. When I make the hateful compariſon between a poliſhed Chriſtian and an unenlighted Savage, it is with a view of lamenting and expoſing both their ſituations; how far neceſſity and corrupt nature actuate the one; and how little, with every advantage of an inſtructed people, with the plain eaſy path of a pure and beautiful religion, operates upon the other. Little can be expected from a poor Indian;

Much

Much ought to be expected from the Chriſtian; but in compariſon leſs good is produced from the latter. We ſin againſt the known commands of God, againſt the conviction of our conſciences, and, in the ſpecies of murders called Duels, we doubly offend; we ſport with our own lives, and arrogate the divine right of taking away the lives of others. It is aſtoniſhing, that in a civilized ſtate, ſuch barbarity ſhould be committed; it is a viſible mark of a barbarous, fooliſh, and corrupt age.

I am ſorry to ſay there *is a law* againſt this diabolical cuſtom, becauſe *that law* is *never* put into execution; the reaſon that is given for not putting ſo juſt a law into execution is very ſhocking, in a government long celebrated for her *wiſdom* and *equity*. They ſay Duelling is a very laudable and good cuſtom, which ſhould be encouraged or winked at; indeed, by the public it is *encouraged* and *applauded*, by the flattering epithets of gallant, brave, and honourable; tho' at the ſame time the Duelliſt well deſerves the halter for murder

and adultery. But Government makes a point of extending their indulgence and lenity to the criminal, by ſhamefully obſerving that it makes people *civil*, and *polite* to each other, and that of many evils which would ariſe from inſult, a duel is the leaſt; ſo that they really tacitly encourage murder, in revenge for ſome ſmall offence, perhaps a word; from a ſudden guſt of temporary anger, either from intemperance, or gaming.

HERE I cannot forbear relating the melancholy fate of my late worthy friend Captain L—e. This young gentleman was the younger brother of an exceeding good family, near the town of F—n in N——d; he was ſent to the Eaſt-Indies at the age of eighteen, as a cadet in the Eaſt-India Company's ſervice; he ſoon got a commiſſion, and being a young man of great ſpirit and addreſs, he ſoon obtained the rank of Captain.

ABOUT this period, being upon a viſit at his friend Colonel S——t's, at Madraſs, he was immediately captivated with the accompliſhments

and

and beauty of the elegant Miſs B——y. He ſoon paid his addreſſes to her; ſhe was by no means inſenſible of his merit and perſon, and with rapture inſtantly embraced his honourable propoſals; they met, however, with ſome difficulty, which retarded their union for ſome time, Colonel S——t, who was her guardian, poſitively refuſed his conſent, as Miſs B——y, though a fortune in herſelf, and much more than generally comes to a mortal's ſhare, had no money. The Captain had his commiſſion only; at length, the intreaties of the lovers and their friends had the deſired effect upon the worldly prudence of the good Colonel; he gave his conſent, and, with a generoſity ſo peculiar to that good man, accompanied it with a preſent of two thouſand pounds; the happy pair were married, and a more amiable couple never lived.

Colonel S——t ſoon afterwards got the Captain an appointment up the country, where he had great opportunities of getting money, and which poſt he filled with the greateſt honour and integrity;

grity; he ſaved a very genteel fortune, but what is called there a very ſmall one; he was worth ſixteen thouſand pounds, which he acquired in three years. He might have made much more had he not poſſeſſed ſo good a heart, which always melted at the wants and diſtreſſes of others; his generoſity knew no bounds; for a ſcarcity of corn happening where he was, there was an opportunity that he might have made any fortune; but he ſcorned to get riches at the expence of his fellow creatures' miſery; he was determined to relieve their wants, but not by a monopoly to ſerve his own purpoſe. He ſent ſome troops and waggons into the neighbouring provinces to purchaſe corn, then ſold it at the ſame price he gave; he relieved numbers at his own expence that could not afford to purchaſe any. The partner of his heart was not leſs munificent in her benevolence.

Such noble and generous acts could not fail to endear them moſt tenderly to a poor grateful people, that had long been moſt cruelly oppreſſed. When they received the unwelcome tidings of his

being

being recalled from his government, they petitioned the Council at M——ſs to obtain leave for him to continue in his place; their petition was in vain, as it is contrary to a ſtrict and general order; but upon his departure he was conducted by many hundreds out of the province, who bewailed his loſs, with extravagant and loud lamentations.

By this time they had three fine boys, and as they had been abſent from England near ten years they reſolved to come to England to ſee their friends, (unfortunately for them as it proved in the ſequel.) The Royal Charlotte Eaſt-Indiaman was then laying in Bombay, they agreed with the commander for a paſſage, and embarked the latter end of July. There were on board two other ladies and ſeveral officers, amongſt the reſt a Captain S——d, (who was afterwards obliged to leave the ſervice for mal-practices.) He was a very ſuperficial quarrelſome fellow, but had an inſinuating addreſs, which the unſuſpecting L—e was taken with. S——d was a notorious gambler, which

he

he ſoon *played off* to his advantage. Capt. L—e was not addicted to play, but the moſt wiſe and cautious are ſometimes off their guard; ſo it happened to the unfortunate L—e. A tedious paſſage made their time hang heavy upon their hands, gaming enſued, and brought about by all the art that the villain S——d was maſter of. After playing frequently for ſmall ſums, they one day after dinner, being elevated with wine more than uſual, (though S——d was obſerved to throw the wine often out of his mouth, into his handkerchief,) and particularly plied Captain L——e with bumpers. They proceeded to high play, which run entirely againſt L——e, to the amount of nine thouſand pounds. Though he was then told that he was cheated, he did not either believe or ſuſpect it, and imprudently gave him his note, as value received for the money. The next day when he was cool, he reflected upon the circumſtances of his play, and was convinced he was cheated; he told S——d his ſuſpicions, and inſiſted upon his note being returned. S——d refuſed, and inſiſted upon ſatisfaction when they went

aſhore,

aſhore, which happened upon the twenty-third of September at the Cape of Good Hope.

Poor L——e was ſhocked at injuring his wife and family, by loſing ſuch a capital ſum of money, grew deſperate, and reſolved either to loſe his own valuable life or kill S——d, whoſe life certainly was of very little conſequence to the world. He had promiſed his wife that he would not fight the worthleſs S——d; yet they privately agreed to meet with ſwords and piſtols. Accordingly, about ſix o'clock, they went together about half a mile from the town; as there was no other witneſſes to this duel, we have no other authority but the account S——d gave, which was, that as ſoon as they came upon the ground, Captain L——e addreſſed S——d, and aſked him if he would give up the money he had won from him. S——d replied, he had won it fairly, and therefore he would not. They agreed to fire at ten paces at the ſame inſtant, which they did without effect; they then both advanced to ſix paces and fired together, but without any in-

jury,

jury; tho' one ball went through the cock of Capt. L——e's hat, and the other ball grazed the cheek of S——d. Then they drew their ſwords; they made many paſſes at each other, and L——e wounded S——d in the thigh; at that moment S——d made a lounge, and run Captain L——e through the body; he lived only five minutes, praying moſt fervently that God would *forgive him*, and protect his dear wife and children.

As for the diſtreſs of his amiable widow, that can only be conceived, it cannot be deſcribed; ſhe had the murderer brought to the place where juſtice ought to be obtained, but where it is too often refuſed; ſhe likewiſe proſecuted him for the money, but juſtice and equity were fled, and patience in her adverſity and trouble was the only ſatisfaction ſhe could get. The ſhock was too great for her ſenſibility and delicate conſtitution. Six months after her arrival in England, death put an end to her miſery.

THUS, by this fatal and inhuman cuſtom of Duelling, a virtuous couple, an ornament and

pattern

pattern of excellence to the world, was untimely ſnatched away when moſt we want, in this diſſipated age, ſuch worthy examples for pattern and imitation; and which only could be prevented by puniſhing and making an example of the firſt offender againſt God and our nature, in the violation of ſuch a practice. A practice never known amongſt the ancients, who were not leſs civilized, brave, and wiſe, than we are.

It muſt be a wretched tame government, that has not the ſpirit to put its own ſalutary laws into execution; I will aſſert, that any reaſon given, however plauſible, to the contrary, muſt from its principle be barbarous, villainous, and wicked. But indeed, an eagerneſs for every thing that is horrid appears to be the general taſte, and though perhaps not ariſing from any immediate want of humanity, muſt yet in time harden and affect the humanity of mankind.

How very inconſiſtent does it appear for a benevolent well-meaning man to take a long jour-

ney, to have the pleaſing ſatisfaction of beholding the dying pangs and ſtruggles of an executed criminal; with what apparent rapture will he relate every minute circumſtance of the wretch's dying hard, and his memorable laſt words; and he is even anxious to communicate, upon every occaſion, his darling ſubject of melancholy cataſtrophes.

What attention is paid, by moſt people, to the relation of a robbery or murder, eſpecially a bloody duel, for a duel without death is not liſtened to; no, it is inſipid food for the converſation even of women as well as men, and no ſoft pity or regard ever expreſſed for the combatants, unleſs they are ſo fortunate as to receive a dangerous wound, which puts them in imminent danger of their lives. Then their frequent enquiries, and the characters of the heroes, furniſhes them with delightful converſation, and gives them ample ſatisfaction. But, on the other hand, if the parties ſhould not be good executioners, they will ſurely be branded and deemed impoſtors and cowards;

cowards; their rencounter will meet with the mortifying reproach of a gaſconade, and be ſtamped with the diſgrace of a mere ſham affair. So that an ambitious man, who has the vanity to lve and hear his fame for fortitude and magnanimity, has little chance; he cannot be deemed a man of courage and honour, without firſt gratifying the bloody-minded world with his death.

Alas, then! what an unhappy ſituation for the vain man, who quarrels and fights for fame, to be thus cut off, and hurried to the ſilent domains of the dead. But what ſatisfaction it would give him, could he hear the many learned comments made upon his exit; how ſnugly in his ſhroud would he enjoy himſelf, in the pleaſing happy idea of having the honour of furniſhing all ranks of people with the pleaſing converſation of his death, for near ten days, or a fortnight, and then perhaps, he and the affair buried in oblivion.

How he would laugh at hearing the attitude he put himſelf into, when he received his death-

wound, deſcribed a hundred different ways; the horrid and bloody propoſals he made; the blaſphemous oaths he ſwore; the laſt words he ſaid; to ſee his pale, grim, and bloody-mangled carcaſe expoſed to the view of vulgar eyes; to have the ſatisfaction of beholding his revenge and malice, almoſt compleat, in his wounded antagoniſt: All muſt be the richeſt cordial and ſatisfaction to him.

INSIGNIFICANT pity and feeling, from good men, he muſt deſpiſe, as coming from rank cowards. But how ſatisfactory muſt it be to him, when he hears thoſe humane and learned perſonages, *who* are of ſo much *ſervice*, and *who do* ſo much *honour* to *mankind*, and are adepts in the honourable art of gaming, cheating, and duelling, declare upon their conſciences, ſouls, and honour, it was well fought, and according to the invariable and ſtrict rules of deſpair and death; that he died gallantly and without flinching. And theſe judges are to be depended upon, for they make a conſtant point of not forfeiting either their Conſcience, Soul, or Honour; the firſt they have none,

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the ſecond is pledged to the devil, and the latter already forfeited.

AGAIN, how pleaſing it muſt be to the Duelliſt could he behold his wounded carcaſe carrying to the grave, amidſt the cries of his friends and relations; but above all, it muſt be ſuperlatively delightful for him to hear and ſee the inexpreſſible diſtreſs, and tender pity, of an amiable, beautiful, and affectionate wife; and to hear her exclaim, in terms of grief and ſorrow, how gallantly he fell, and how much lamented.

THIS is only by way of argument, for we cannot ſuppoſe the vanquiſhed has even this reſource and ſatisfaction; and it is only to ſhew, how unjuſt, cruel, and unprofitable, is this wicked practice of Duelling, and the little hopes we have of pardon hereafter.

THE virtuous man has the pureſt and ſtricteſt ſenſe of honour; and his humanity receives the ſevereſt ſhock at the idea of putting any perſon

to

perſon to pain or death; yet this is moſt cruelly and inhumanly too frequently expected by the unfeeling world. Though the real or ſuppoſed offence may be only a thoughtleſs word, or an inadvertent expreſſion in anger; and the parties perhaps would conſent to an apology, but the world forbids ſuch amicable reconciliations.

But the man who can forgive an injury is blaſted by the leſs virtuous and unthinking part of the world, as a tame wretch and coward; tho' in fact, he has the trueſt magnanimity and loftineſs of ſoul, and is content to be thought by the affected, faſhionable, and diſſipated, a poor creature, becauſe he will not enter the liſts of their follies and vices. He has the reſolution to be thought an enthuſiaſt, becauſe he prefers a Church to a B——y-Houſe; and ſober rational converſation, and innocent entertainments, inſtead of intrigues and gaming, which are now become abſolutely and indiſpenſibly requiſite for the attainment of the character of a polite gentleman, a man of faſhion, and the ton; and only ſuch a man, with a more

than

than competent ſhare of impudence can be thought fit for their ſociety.

THE virtuous man reſtrains his appetites and paſſions, for cool, ſober, and rational reflections; he bridles his tongue from licentious converſation and ſlander, and has the fortitude to be thought ſtupid; in ſhort, he regards the mandate of the Great God, before the contemptible cuſtoms and follies of vile mortals, and thereby forfeits their good opinion of his diſpoſition and ſenſe.

MAN certainly is a ſociable animal, and was born not to live alone; but in theſe degenerate times, that man who is moſt alone, and the moſt ſilent, is by far the happieſt man. Let me aſk the diſpaſſionate ſenſible man, who has the trueſt ſenſe and refinement of courage?

THAT man who obeys the unruly dictates of his own paſſions, and attentively liſtens to and eagerly catches the voice of tyrant cuſtom, and is

enſlaved

enſlaved thereby to follow every inordinate deſire, and gratify every riſing looſe paſſion, and in in this ſtate will not ſcruple to put to death a man, or even his friend, perhaps for ſome trivial, or ſuppoſe it a real offence, is ſwayed by the principles of falſe honour, which is a mere empty word, and which the great Shakeſpeare has moſt inimitably and laughably, but moſt juſtly, defined.

THIS man of the world, becauſe his hell-born courage may be called in queſtion, ingloriouſly concludes it infinitely better to obey the barbarous cuſtoms of a thoughtleſs ſinful world; and offend his Maker, break his laws, and courageouſly abide the fatal conſequences at his judgment ſeat.

I HAVE already deſcribed the unpopular man, but muſt make an obſervation or two farther upon his ſuperior real ſtate, to evince his real courage. The moſt worthleſs then muſt allow, that by the light of nature only, there is a God, who muſt be all-wiſe and holy; then as he has

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the abſolute and uncontroulable command of univerſal ſyſtems, we conſequently muſt be under his immediate eye of obſervance. He never made ſo beautiful a creation without regarding its inhabitants, for whom it muſt have been made; and, as he is ſo unutterably beneficent, and ſo adorably good, to give us our being, and to protect us without its being in our power to diſſent or aſſent, our being was given us no doubt to anſwer ſome valuable and uſeful purpoſe. How dare we then to indulge upon any occaſion, the cruel ſhocking idea of having a right to put an end to our exiſtence!

THE purpoſe of our probation here muſt be defeated, if we arrogate to ourſelves, that which indeed is in our actual power, but which we have no more right to exerciſe, than we have to murder our fathers, mothers, wives, and children. Nothing can be more certain, and it is very conſonant to human ſenſe and reaſon, that from God iſſues life and death; and that, as he only could give, he alone has a right to take away that which

was given, and which is one of his great attributes. If we are ſo ungrateful as not to permit him to uſe that authority, we ſhall ſurely meet with our deſerts, and be ſeverely judged for our wicked arrogance at the laſt day. It is in vain to uſe ſcripture arguments againſt this practice, as both God and Religion muſt be entirely ſet aſide, it muſt be rejected and deſpiſed, otherwiſe it is not poſſible they would ſo willingly trangreſs its firſt principle.

But common reaſon and morality alone, which is the religion of too many in this unhappy age, is abſolutely ſufficient to deduce many and powerful arguments againſt this diabolical practice, which might be prevented for the ſake, and the very means for which it is practiſed. A man ſeldom fights but to convince the world he does not deſerve the ill-treatment of his enemy, and by this to be revenged; but if he were to appeal to the public, his honour and innocence would appear infinitely more amiable.

THE man thus ſwayed by Honour, Conſcience, and Religion, we will ſuppoſe has the ſame paſſion in his nature, as the libertine and the man of wrath; but he wiſely reflects upon the conſequences that would enſue, if there was not ſome tye which ſhould prevent us from following the bent of our inordinate imaginations.

THE real man of honour virtuouſly conſiders the inhumanity of ſuch baſe proceedings; he will reſtrain his anger when provoked, and reaſon calmly, or ſubmit to an apology to prevent bloodſhed; he can forgive an injury; he will not debauch a married woman, for the ſake of her honour, her huſband's, and his own; for, however bad the world is now, an Adultreſs is not yet openly received, and indelible diſgrace for ever attends her. It ſhould be ſo with the Adulterer and Seducer, but cuſtom has unfortunately prevented his diſgrace here, but which he may be ſure to have hereafter.

THE virtuous man will not be intemperate; he will avoid all quarrels, and he will not *gamble*,

as

as he neither wiſhes to diſtreſs his fellow-creatures by winning their money, nor to hazard the chance of involving his own family in ruin by loſing *his own* money. He bridles his tongue leaſt he ſhould what he ought not, *(which every great talker muſt do;)* in ſhort, he dares be religious and virtuous, and will endeavour to ſhun that temptation which others greedily ſeek; he deſpiſes the abſurd reproach of being called a coward, or a man of no ſpirit; becauſe he has not the diabolical revenge and reſentment of a devil. But the virtuous and good man is always the braveſt in real calls and acts of neceſſity.

Is that man a coward, who obeys the laws of his God, which are by many confeſſed to be hard, and very difficult to obey, and who has the hardineſs to be thought a coward, becauſe he will not ſpill the blood of a fellow-creature? he is content with theſe reproaches, as a conſtant rectitude of heart informs him he does right, and has the real courage to combat openly the wretched opinion of men, by not following their wicked examples.

The Duellist and dissipated has not this true courage; he braves the dictates of God, and knowingly transgresses his divine mandates, because he does not meet with immediate punishment. He condemns himself a coward in the truest and most literal sense of the word; *he is afraid to live*, for he has not courage to withstand the reproaches and scorns of men; and the fear of man makes him a miserable *coward*, and a traitor to his God.

Upon reflection, I cannot help having a better opinion of the human heart, therefore I shall not so readily assent to the first impression of my idea, that man thinks and acts as he appears to do, upon first view. No; I fear it is example and education, that make men appear so very inconsistent. The man that has been virtuously educated can never listen with pleasure to a horrid tale, nor will he from principle wish to investigate a *black affair*, or a *dreadful transaction*, for mere amusement and pleasure; neither can the man of employment, for he happily has not leisure.

Surely

Surely either of theſe ſituations are very enviable, and what every man ſhould wiſh to poſſeſs; either that philanthropy of ſoul, which wiſhes and thinks favourably of every perſon, or of that profeſſion which puts it out of his power to embrace evil and vicious habits.

In this civilized and once glorious country, are there not proper officers of juſtice, and miniſters of vengeance, to pry into the miſchievous and ſecret practices of men? They will inveſtigate with caution, but certainly deal with iron-handed juſtice, if guilt appears. Therefore how incorrigible is it in us to preſume to uſe that prerogative which alone belongs to the Great Creator.

What right have we to fathom into the merits of any perſon's particular caſe or buſineſs? How dare we judge then one another? Is it not againſt one of the firſt principles of the Chriſtian Religion? Shall we not be arraigned, and be judged at the laſt day, not indeed with the vile partiality of mortals, but with the divine eſſence of impartial goodneſs,

goodneſs, when every man ſhall meet with his reward.

In that excellent old republic of Sparta, they had a law which enacted the ſevereſt penalty, if it could be proved that any perſon expreſſed their opinion of another. They reaſoned wiſely and humanely, and conſidered the great injuſtice, that conſequently muſt ariſe from ſuch barbarity, and concluded that a man's reputation once blaſted was a loſs more to be lamented than his natural death (*for they had no idea of duelling.*) As a corrupt man, among the virtuous, may be capable of doing much miſchief, therefore it behoved them to be very cautious that they did not wantonly attack any perſon's reputation.

Reader,

I know thou haſt purchaſed this paltry production, to ſatisfy thy longing craving appetite, and to have it pampered and glutted with Poor Du Barré's *black affair*; to judge of the conduct of the party, and to give thy public

opinion,

opinion, even before the parties are heard in their defence. Oh! what miſchief does this anticipation and curioſity bring upon us all, by this general thirſt and rage for news; what blunders, what lies and infamy does it cauſe, to the fatal diſquiet of multitudes! What is this owing to? I have before obſerved, it is not an inherent vice incident to human nature. The Great God never deſigned ſo univerſal a depravity; yet I am ſorry to ſay, in contradiction to this my poſition, which would wiſh to be univerſal, there certainly are unhappy people, who would much rather hear a a melancholy ſcene of woe, or tale of foul-mouthed ſcandal, than an innocent humorous account of a pleaſant affair, or a laudable action to the praiſe and merit of a perſon; this muſt proceed undoubtedly from envy and a bad heart.

I HOPE, for the honour of human-nature, there are but few inſtances of ſuch unhappy wretches; but in general, thirſt for news of all ſorts, with all its concomitant effects, I believe does not ariſe from any natural defect in the human heart, but

from

from that curſe and bane, that mother of all plagues and miſchief, IDLENESS. Yes; that vice alone is the key to all other vices; it is the rock we ſplit on, but which is in our will and power to avoid.

PATIENT reader, or, I am afraid by this time, I may with more propriety call thee impatient, I think I can hear thee ſay, what has all this incoherent morality and nonſenſe to do with the connection of this *Duel*, *this black affair*, ſo pompouſly promiſed in the advertiſement and title-page, and which I am come all impatient to peruſe. I want to know the merits of the caſe, the latent cauſe; I die to know the true reaſon of an affair which I am ſo much concerned and intereſted in.

ALL this I have foretold, and the catchpenny bait has ſucceeded; let thy diſappointment be thy puniſhment, for poſitively not one ſyllable ſhalt thou know from me. I have already amuſed thee with a long account of *beautiful diſtreſs*, which happened at the Cape of Good Hope; but if thou

art not ſatisfied, *let me know*, and I will incontinently give thee any farther ſatisfaction, that is in my power; but I write not to ſatisfy thy blood-thirſty longing. I don't deal in murders. No, No; I am a peaceable man, and would rather fight with powder than with ball; I like the reputation of honour well enough, but I would rather obtain it by any other means, than to be obliged to purchaſe it with *blows* and *murder*.

If thou art of my opinion, then read the following well-fought bloodleſs duel; and though in a lower ſphere of life, yet they all came off with honour. But thou abuſeſt me for impoſing upon thee, and *taking thee in*; and doſt thou not deſerve it? What buſineſs haſt thou to make thyſelf a party concerned, and buſy thyſelf about murder? I know I have diſappointed thee; I have purpoſely deceived thee; and the beſt advice I can now give thee is, not to call me a cool, ſtupid, impudent fellow, but to exerciſe the true Chriſtian virtue of forgiveneſs; and if thou art really virtuous, and expect my good opinion, rejoice at thy diſap-

disappointment, instead of reading a *black affair*, full of blood and horror. Be happy to have it exchanged for a humorous account of a bloodless duel with powder only, which really happened a few days since. There thou might freely make thyself a party concerned, with the Innkeeper, the Captain, the Hostler, and the Barber.

My dear Reader, whatever may be thy opinion of this *stuff*, keep it to thyself; for it is only thy communicative soul that makes thee UNWISE, and which as thou must clearly perceive has now sufficiently exposed MYSELF.

THE DUEL.

As the late affair of Honour which happened at C——— in W———, has been moſt groſly miſrepreſented, and greatly derogatory to the worthy characters, which compoſed the gallant parties, it is now become abſolutely neceſſary (as it has made ſo much noiſe in the world) to clear up this dark and myſterious affair for the infinite ſatisfaction of the whole Univerſe, particularly for the Kingdom of IRELAND, the City of BATH, and Town of C———.

THE following is the genuine and particular account of the late Duel fought at the P— H— Inn at C———. The parties, a Captain ******, late an officer in the ——— corps, a *remarkable*

markable ſober gentleman, and Mr. P—, the young inn-keeper.

It ſeems the gallant Captain has had for ſome time paſt a moſt violent penchant for young Boniface's mother, a lady of violent beauty and accompliſhments, and not much more than ſeventy years of age. The warrior being one day uncommonly amorous, was proceeding to celebrate his ardent deſires, before her ſon, who very properly thinking the opportunity not altogether apropos or convenient, took the liberty (as being of a more athletic make than her lover) of turning the ſoldier out of doors, which ſo irritated, and changed the Captain's flame, that he vowed revenge, and nothing but the ropy blood of the innkeeper could recompenſe him for this everlaſting indignity. He inſtantly gave way to his immediate rage, and hurl'd a volley of ſtones in at the windows.

The Innkeeper without heſitation, attended by his truſty friend the Hoſtler, advanced againſt the beſieger,

beſieger, who then run home for his weapons, and ſoon returned with a broad-ſword, and a brace of double-barrelled piſtols, and regularly laid ſiege to the Pack-Houſe, by firing in at the windows. At length the beſieged grew ſo deſperate, they reſolved to make a general and vigorous ſally from their entrenchments, except *fair* HELEN, who went to the top of the houſe to view the unequal fight againſt her gallant lover.

Now the terrible innkeeper led on the furious charge, flaſhing darts of fire, and horrible terror, from his ſparkling eyes, with a red-hot poker in one hand, and in the other a pot-lid for his defence. The Hoſtler ſupported him with a pitch-fork, and a water bucket for his ſhield, and the *ſquint-eyed* barber of the town, who was drinking as uſual in the houſe, boldly advanced with his pewter ſhaving baſon upon his head, and a brace of ſharp razors in his hands, ready inſtruments for the Captain's throat; whilſt the fat greaſy cook, with a long ſpit and dripping pan, and the cham-

ber-

ber-maid, with her ſcrubbing bruſh and pewter chamber-pot, brought up the rear.

THE heroic Captain, calmly and unintimidated, ſtill kept his ground againſt this formidable body, and with the reſerved fire of a double-barrelled piſtol, kept them at a diſtance, together with a natural volubility of damme's moſt vehemently ſworn. He harangued them, by telling them the certain conſequence of provoking his unremitted rage, and that he was ſure of putting a brace of them to death, if they dared to invade his lines; which ſenſible remonſtrance had the deſired effect.

AFTER a ſhort conſultation of the beſieged, they wiſely thought, with a late captive commander, that caution and prudence is often the beſt generalſhip, and hard blows no real honour or profit. They liſtened to *his* reaſon, and by mutual conſent a parley was ſounded to endeavour to effect an amicable reconciliation; but the captain's reſentment was not to be ſoon appeaſed; the flame of paſſion was kindled; *Piſtol's cock was up*,

his

his feeling, as a man and a ſoldier, was injured, and it was difficult to extinguiſh his manly rage.

In vain pleaded the ſtrong eloquence of the fi-lial Innkeeper; the ſoapy pathetic oration of the non-juring Wilkite Shaver; the elegant and well pointed harangue of the Hoſtler, who took occa-ſion to obſerve that the Captain was reſtive as a vicious ſtallion, and that if gunpowder was not in the way, which he moſt mortally hated, as it was only fit to kill Frenchmen with, he would ſoon rub down the Captain's greaſe and rough-neſs; the fiery, but correct, language of the Cook, who ſaid as how the houſe was all in a blaze, and would never be *diſtinguiſhed*; ſhe wiſhed ſhe had the baſting of him, for that ſhe would well ladle him, but that all the fat was in the fire. The amorous Chamber-maid ſaid, ſhe thought there was no ſuch great harm done, if the Captain had a *bit* of a liking for old miſtreſs, but to be ſure ſhe blamed his choice in preferring *old ſtuff to young*, for her part ſhe thought there was no *compariſon*.

BUT their united oratory had no effect on the injured Captain, who was inflexible; he inſiſted upon no peaceable terms; his dignity as a Britiſh officer, and as a man, was cruelly inſulted; his reputation and gallantry, which had ſtood unimpeached for many years, would now ſuffer in all the alehouſes in town and country. He very pathetically obſerved, how ungrateful it was in —— to take ſuch an unfair advantage of an old ſoldier, who had never learned to box, and who had emptied ſo many caſks of rum, and hogſheads of ſtrong beer for him, and always paid ready money.

HE ſaid fighting had been his profeſſion from his earlieſt days, and *that ſince his arms had ſeven years pith, they had uſed their deareſt actions in the tented field, ſome moons ſince waſted.* He was determined in this aggravating inſtance not to quit the field of Mars. Then, with a warlike flouriſh of his rapier, he callcd aloud for blood and revenge, and inſiſted upon the Innkeeper fighting him with ſword and piſtol.

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THE Son of the Ale-tap then, finding him peremptory, bethought him of a lawful ſtratagem to ſecure his carcaſe againſt the unfriendly invaſion of powder and ball, therefore conſented to indulge him in this amuſement. The Hoſtler was declared ſecond to his maſter, and the Barber for the Captain; but the Captain inſiſted upon treating them with a glaſs before the action, as he declared he was greatly ſatisfied with the indulgence —— had ſhewn him.

THE Barber and Hoſtler having the care of the armoury, —— took the opportunity of hinting to them his particular diſlike of lead; and as he had not been bred a warrior, there might be ſome danger of the balls damaging his cloaths, eſpecially as he had on a new ſuit, he would not wiſh to make a hole in them before the *nature* and the *texture* of the *materials* permitted that *natural* event, and that honeſt Time only was the beſt judge when that was proper.

THE Hoſtler and Barber took the hint, and drew the balls, agreeing that a ſmall quantity of

powder without ball, could not be death. It was by far the moſt agreeable method of fighting, and they might live to hear their fame and honour well circulated and extended. The preliminaries of the Duel being thus ſettled, the Captain, who had ſcarce ſwallowed his ſecond glaſs, was now called upon by the ſeconds to take the ground.

The bold combatants then took their diſtance in the kitchen. The barber begged leave firſt to ſay a prayer with the Captain, to *recommend* his poor ſoul to God. The Captain then began the Lord's Prayer, but was obliged to be aſſiſted by the better memory of the Barber; when the Captain came to the part of forgive them that treſpaſs, &c. he ſhed tears, and ſaid, he had ſinned, for he had treſpaſſed upon all the *manors* in the country; the Barber then deſired him to aſk God to forgive him for drinking ſo hard.

This ceremony being over, the Captain deſired ——, after many compliments had paſſed, to fire, which he; did the Captain inſtantly roared out, an excellent

excellent ſhot, and a narrow eſcape, which he was ſure was owing to the Lord's Prayer, which, although he had not ſaid it before for ſeven years, yet he found an inward grace; and that for the future he would always make a point of ſaying it once a week. He ſaid the ball paſſed cloſe by his ear, and had grazed a curl of his wig, and looking round, and ſeeing a ſmall hole in the door, (which they had previouſly contrived to cut) he exclaimed with a rapping oath, and here's the hole that the ball paſſed through.

He then ſtepped up to ——, and with vollies of oaths, and under every pain of damnation, deſired him to beg his life, or he would blow his dirty brains out, and ſend him to Hell, to draw ſtrong beer for the Devil. But —— pretended to refuſe it with ineffable diſdain, and ſaid he would abide the conſequences, for that if he miſſed him, he was ſure of putting the Captain to death the next fire.

The Captain, conſidering this, began the Lord's Prayer again, but could not go through above

half

half of it, as his friend the Barber could not be found; however, he made an extempore prayer, and prayed he might kill him. The Captain then returned to his diſtance, and after taking good aim fired; —— inſtantly fell, and with groans declared he was mortally wounded.

At this critical juncture, a moſt alarming ſcreeching noiſe was heard beating down the chimney; the Captain thinking he had killed the Innkeeper, and that it was the Devil coming down the chimney for him, immediately decamped as faſt as poſſible. This alſo was a falſe alarm, but which indeed did really frighten the Innkeeper, and the Hoſtler; for they had not perceived the Barber get up the chimney during the duel; and this was poor Squintum, who had taken refuge in the chimney, leſt there might be any danger in powder only; but upon hearing ——— cry out with loud groans, that he was mortally wounded, (and who had not previouſly informed the Barber that he ſhould act the counterfeit in dying) this had ſuch an effect upon the trembling nerves of

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the Barber, that he was no longer able to keep his hold, and thus fell down the chimney into the fire. Fortunately he was not much hurt, but it was ſome time before they could convince him that his friend —— was not killed.

The firſt thingthe Barber exclaimed, after his fall, when he ſuppoſed ——— was killed, was, that the world would have a great loſs in him, for he was as honeſt a lad as ever *tapped a but*, and kept as *clean wholeſome drink* as any in the county. Honeſt M—— ſays, it is *pretty little tight drink.*

But to return to the Captain, as ſoon as he made his eſcape from the preſence of the Devil, he mounted his horſe; and to do his humanity as well as courage juſtice, he called upon the worthy Dr. ——, and begged him, for God's Sake, to go to the aſſiſtance of ———, for he feared he had mortally wounded him in a Duel; he ſaid he could not ſtay, for he was in a great hurry, as the Devil was now in purſuit of him.

THE Doctor aſked him how the affair happened, the Captain archly replied, he had *meddled* with *family affairs*, but ſwore was Mr. ——, (who is the Eſquire of the pariſh) to affront or interrupt him in ſuch a critical ſituation as —— had, he would, without heſitation, and in defiance of ten thouſand devils, put him to death.

THE heroic Captain then galloped off for ——, and took a poſt-chaiſe and four for London; and he is now really ſuppoſed to be endeavouring to make his eſcape out of the Kingdom, as he certainly does not yet know the laughable trick impoſed upon him. And *thus* ended this *curious* and *renowned* DUEL.

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FINIS.